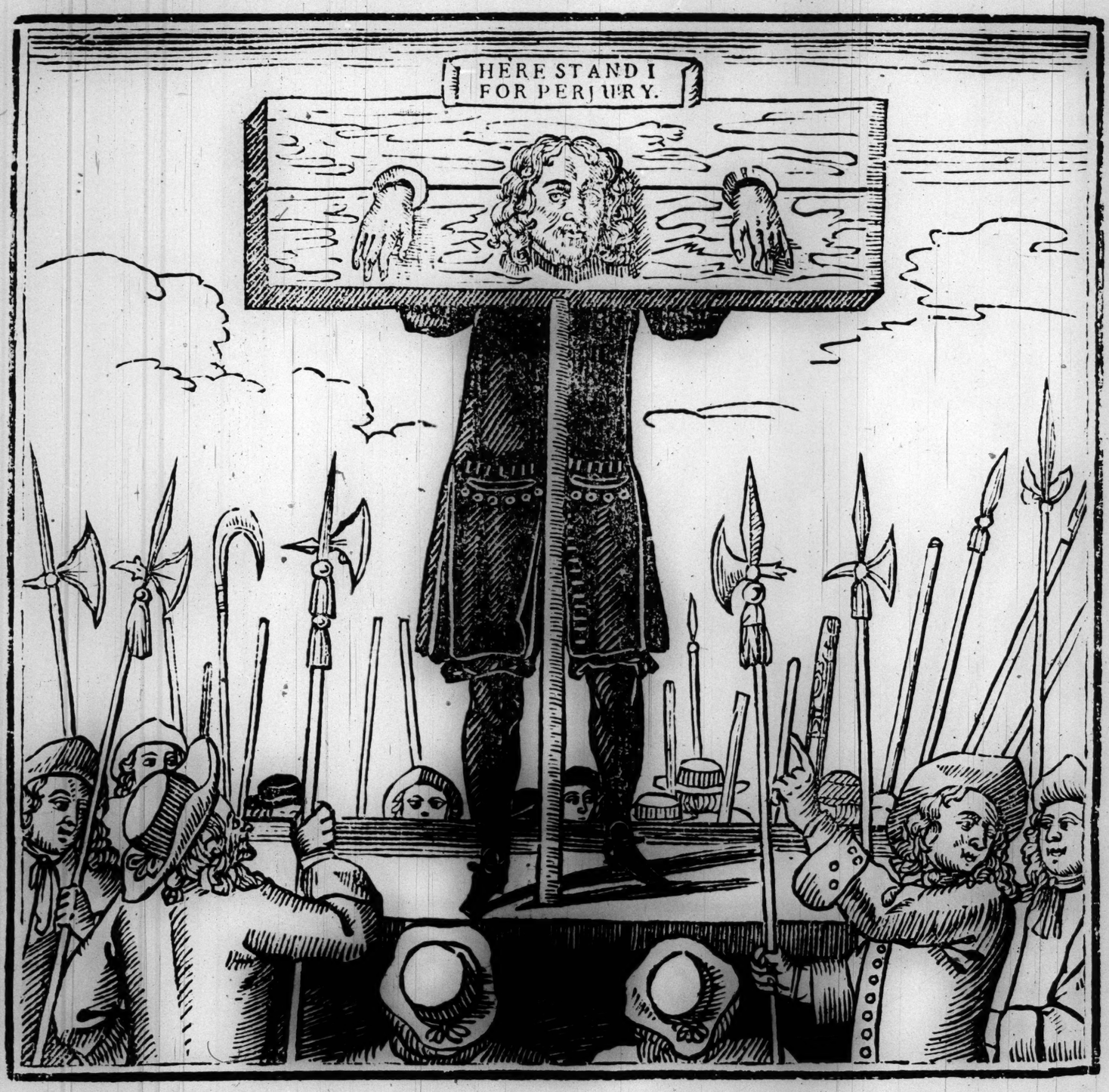
The Doctor Degraded; Or The

REWARD of DECEIT:

Being an Account of the Right Perfidious, and Perjury'd *TITUS OATES*; Who Recieved Sentence at the *Kings-Bench-Bar*, at *Weſtminſter* the 16*th* day of *May*, 1685.

ON *Saturday* the 16*th* Day of *May* 1685. *Titus Oates*, being then brought to the *Kings-Bench-Bar Weſtminſter*, about a 11 of the Cloek by a ſtrong Guard, My Lord Chief Juſtice and others of his Brethren being on the Bench, was called; the *Attorney General*, craved Judgement of the Court againſt *Titus Oates*, for his *Perjuries*; *Oates* craved time till *Monday*, but it was denied him; then the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Juſtice proceeded to declare the Heinouſneſs of his Crime. ſaying, It was formerly, by the Law of this Land, puniſhable with Death. And after that, being ſomewhat moderated, the Penalty was, to have the Parties Tongue cut out. And being yet farther taken into Conſideration, the Puniſhment was left to the diſcretion of the Court. So they Proceeded not to Life or Member, notwithſtanding his Lordſhip ſaid he had conſulted with all the Judges of *England*, and that they were unanimouſly of opinion, that the power was in the Court to Proceed to any Sentence under that reſtriction; and having in a moſt Emphatical Speech, from point to point, related the matter at large, his Lordſhip left the Pronounciation of the Sentence to Judge *Withens*, who told the Priſoner, that his Nature was Compaſſionate, and that he delighted not in paſſing Sentence on his fellow Creatures; yet in caſe of ſuch a Crime, he muſt confeſs he did it without remorſe, and having further expreſſed himſelf in deteſtation of the Priſoners offence, and Eloquently diſcourſed it at large, he was pleaſed to Pronounce the following Sentence, *viz*.



Fined on each Indictment 1000 *Marks*.

That on *Munday* the 18*th* of this Inſtant he walk about *Weſtminſter Hall*, with a Paper upon his Forehead, mentioning his Crime: And afterwards ſtripp'd of his Canonical Habit, Stand upon and in the *Pillory* before the Hall Gate, between the hours of 11 and One, for the ſpace of an hour to ſtand.

Tueſday the 19*th*. at the *Royal Exchange*.

Wedneſday the 20*th*. to be Whip'd from *Aldgate* to *Newgate*.

Friday the 22*d*. from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*.

Aug. the 9*th* to ſtand at *Weſtminſter*.

Auguſt, the 10*th* at *Charing-Croſs*.

Auguſt the 11*th* at *Temple-Bar*.

September the 2*d* at the *Royal Exchange*.

Aprill the 24*th* 1686. to ſtand in the *Pillory* at *Tyburn*, facing the *Gallows*. To lie in *Gaol* during Life. And to ſtand Annually in the *Pillory*,

Auguſt the 9*th*. at *Weſtminſter*.

Auguſt the 10*th* at *Charing-Croſs*.

Auguſt the 11*th* at *Temple-Bar*.

September, the 2*d* at the *Royal Exchange*.

O Cruel Fate! why art thou thus unkind,
So wavering and unconſtant in thy Mind,
To turn (like weather-Cocks) with every Wind?
Did'ſt thou not once make *Oates* thy Favourite,
Thy only Darling, and thy dear Delight?
And mounted him upon thy Wings ſo high,
That he could almoſt touch the very Skie,
And now muſt *Oates* ſtand in the *Pillory*?
There to be Battered ſo with Rotten *Eggs*,
Both on the Face, the Body and the Legs,
That he will wiſh himſelf in *Hell* for Eaſe,
And Beg as Beggars do for Bread and Cheeſe,
That *Oates* might not be Threſh'd as Men do Peaſe.
And muſt he too (when once he has ſtood there)
Be ſent to Ride upon the *Three-Leg'd-Mare*?
Zouns what's the meaning of it with a Pox?
Is that the way to pay his *Chriſtmas-Box*?
Was he not once the *Saviour of the Nation*,
And muſt he be Contemn'd and out of Faſhion?
Call'd *Perjur'd Rogue* and ſlighted be by all,
And toſs'd about juſt like a Tennis-Ball.
What if he did Forſwear himſelf a little,
Muſt his ſweet Bum be rubb'd thus with a Nettle?
O fie! 'Tis not well done to Rob the Spittle.
But 'tis in vain I ſee to Mourn for *Oates*,
For if we Roar until we ſplit our Throats,
We cannot help the poor diſtreſſed thing;
No hopes to get a Pardon of the King,
Therefore he muſt endure his Suffering.

Indeed (if to Lament would do him good)
Then we would Weep that's to be underſtood:
But, *my beloved Brethren in the Lord*,
That cannot keep him from a *Hempen-Cord*,
Or from his peeping through a *Two-inch-Board*.
And ſo 'tis needleſs that we Vex or Fret,
God's holy Will be done, we muſt Submit.
However let poor *Oates* be Brisk and Bonny
(Long as he Lives) he ſhall not want for Money,
For to his Hive we'll bring both Wax and Honey.
Yet (if he ſhould be Hang'd and Die that way)
Oates will ſpring up again at Judgment Day,
Altho there will not be a bit of *Hay*.
But 'tis a great Diſgrace that *O brave Oates*
(The Rampant Doctor of Religious *Plots*)
Is not (in ſtate) Promoted up on High;
The juſt Reward of bloudy Perjury.
Yet he's no Coward, fearing to be Halter'd,
Unleſs of late his Courage ſhould be Alter'd:
Fight Dog, fight Bear, he values not a Fig,
He always was and e'er will be a *Whigg*,
And ſtand up for the *Cauſe* we know full well,
Tho he were ſure almoſt to go to *Hell*.
Therefore if he be Hang'd, and in a Cart
Carried to *Tyburn*, what cares he a Fart,
At laſt the Deareſt Friends of all muſt Part.
And now Beloved Brother *Oates* adieu,
Altho this ſtory looks a little Blue,
Yet what I Wrote of thee is very True.

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